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right to say "Our Father." Then if He is our Father, what are we to one another? We must be brethren, members of the same family. Where do we get authority to justify the building of ships of war, and the making of swords and guns? Now God is not only our Father, but He is in Heaven where He can see every part of this earth and hear all. Do we hallow His Name in building monsters of destruction to murder and kill brethren? We pray that His Kingdom may come. Is the Kingdom of God a kingdom of war, or is it a kingdom of peace and joy and love? And yet we pray, "Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven." This prayer is nearly nineteen hundred years old and Christians all through these centuries have prayed this prayer again and again. Do we mean it? Do we understand it? Do we understand what we are doing when we pray as Christ hath directed? Certainly Heaven is not disrupted by war; is not the theatre of continued wars. Further on in the Lord's Prayer, we pray to be given our daily bread and yet in war when the soldier needs food, he takes his daily bread from the defenceless widow or by force of arms takes it from his brother. Does this not look like pure mockery? Pray to God as He has directed us to pray and yet defend war and the stern, relentless usages of war! "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors." Do we forgive those who are in debt to us, who may owe us a few dollars or a few hundred dollars, but overtaken by misfortune are not able to pay; who would but cannot pay? Now, God is willing to take us into His household and accept our services as co-workers with Him, but if we pray this prayer and do not do the things He has commanded us, can He not, will He not say unto us, "Why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I desire you to do?" Can we expect strangers to the household of faith to believe in Him, when so many of us act as if we did not believe in His sayings? Why are we astonished that the world is not rapidly captured for Christ by faith in Him with such manifest inconsistency upon the part of so many of his people? "Brethren, these things ought not so to be."

PHILADELPHIA.

RICH IN HEROES.

They wore swords and bore lance in the days of old, and poets sang of them and the tourney ennobled them. But in these days they bend busy in the affairs of life, with the sweat of toil upon their brows, the grime of labor, mayhap, upon their hands, and silence on their lips, the world and man not noting them. And so we have come to think that the heroes have passed with the crusade, and the joust, and the tilt and tilt of romance. They sang merrily and they fought bravely, those knights of old. They leaped down for lady's glove fallen into the arena where lions crouched expectant; sprang nimbly into the breach where cuirassed death played havoc, and

turned a rout to victory; did right royal deeds to win a chaplet or inspire a verse; and the troubadours remembered them, and the king smiled down from the throne, and the lady was gracious in the chamber. High enterprise was plumed and decked with favors in the golden age, and pride grew rich in the rewards of valor. It was easy to be brave when bravery meant preferment, and when courage won the purse of Fortunatus, from which ran a golden stream of guerdons; when scars were the passports to the love of dainty mistresses, and a deed well done was a prize well won.

This is the iron age, and the strong law of circumstance makes each man lord of his own, but of none other, and his dominion is over self and his service for self. The new conditions make fact monarch, and romance seems to have fled where the dryads hide. But, for all that, the hero lives, though he hold the plow, or swing the axe, or draw the water, or sit at the desk, or drive an engine. Materialism may grind the lives of men, but the soul of the hero shines through the murk when the hour comes with its appeal to him.

The old order was impulse, valor in the contempt of fear, pride in the pleasure of daring. The new order is the firm, inflexible loyalty of conscience to the decrees of duty. And the new order is the higher, the greater. The courage that obliterates self, not for glorious achievement, not for the swift applause of an onlooking world, but in supreme obedience to the stern demand of duty, is the finest expression of the valiant soul.

This age is rich in heroes—men who put their lives unquestioningly to the service of duty, without expectation of reward or approbation; who confront danger, not because there are laurels in view, but because they have assumed a trust they will not betray; who go calmly down to death, not in despair of life, but in respect of the faith reposed in them. When that man, James Root, who carried his train through a sea of fire, was applauded for his heroism, he answered from a bed of pain, "I only did my duty."

Sometimes duty demands that men die for their fellow-men, and they so placed die without a thought of heroism, merely loyal to their duty; but we who look on know right well that a hero's heart stopped beating with every last gasp for breath. This stern age that seems to make men selfish, does indeed make men grand. It is the surface self that confounds us; the self that lives in the honest heart is altruistic, and counts its life nothing when other lives require its sacrifice.

We are richer in heroes to-day than the world was ever rich before. Let the need speak and the man is there. The lowly, unknown toiler of to-day is hailed as a savior tomorrow. Of old the hero made his occasion; in these greater days occasion makes the hero, and though we do not crown him with garlands or enrich him with gifts, we live the happier for him, and earth is the sweeter because of him, for the hero of to-day is the man faithful unto death at his post, he who does his duty and falters not when duty becomes a menace. We are a Nation because we have so many such heroes.—*Inter-Ocean*.